Northern Messenger

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A Modern Elizabeth Fry.

THE CAREER OF FRANCES JOSEPH, A COLORED WOMAN, WHO HAS DEVOTED HER LIFE TO PRISON EVANGELIZATION.—WORKING IN TWENTY-ONE STATES.

As beautiful Elizabeth Fry, the angel of Newgate and many another prison, and next to Howard greatest of prison reformers, labored among criminals of her time, Frances Joseph, a woman of the negro race, is laboring among prisoners, black and white, in Southern jails. That Elizabeth Fry, wealthy and of the highest social position, should impress people of station and authority, overcome prejudice and win sympathy and co-operation, is small matter for marvel; but that the daughter of a lowly negro minister, a seamstress making her living by her needle should succeed in doing what Mrs. Joseph has accomplished, may be cause for considerable wonder.

Mrs. Joseph is the first American woman to choose as her life mission work among negro prisoners. Her labors, begun for her own people, were quickly extended to white unfortunates. 'I have letters from many white mothers thanking me for kindness to their children. Young men from everywhere come to New Orleans, particularly at Mardi Gras time; they get into trouble; I find them in jail; write to their people and help them all I can.' Her regular visits and ministration include the prison-yards of both races.

She has accomplished great good, and commands the respectful consideration of her community, the commendation of the

MRS. FRANCES JOSEPH.
As she appeared in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

Mayor and other officials of New Orleans; the confidence of the Governor of her State and the warm regard of the Prison Reform Association of Louisiana. In a recent trip abroad, whither she went as delegate to the International W. C. T. U. Convention, she was heard at Edinburgh, the Lord Lieutenant of Scotland being one of her auditors; later at Belfast, Ireland; next in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and then at Paris, by audiences as attentive as those which have recently been her listeners in New York. As Mrs. Fry's hearers were confined to one continent it may be said that Mrs. Joseph, in point of territory covered by personal addresses, has somewhat the advantage of her great English prototype. In her own country she has visited twenty-two prisons in as many different States. Many of the reforms which Mrs. Fry sought for are now an integral part of prison discipline everywhere; others—as for instance, classification of prisoners according to age and degree of offence—Mrs. Joseph in common with philanthropists the world over is struggling to effect. Mrs. Joseph, explaining how she was drawn into her work for prisoners, said:—

GOD'S MESSENGER IN THE JAIL-YARD.

'It has been nearly ten years since I began prison work. I felt called to it as ministers are called to the Gospel. The first impulse came one Saturday in passing the depot of the Mississippi Valley Railway, where the train stood all ready and coupled to start. Nearby an aged woman was sobbing bitterly. "Can I help you?" I asked. "No, my child," she answered, "my only son is in that gang going to the State Prison." I looked as she pointed, and saw twenty-four colored people boarding the train. I learned that nineteen out of the twenty-four were sent up for larceny. Think of this batch going up every thirty or forty days!

'That night, as I knelt and begged God to comfort the aged mother whose son was locked behind prison walls, a voice seemed whispering to me, "You must go to prisons and ask prisoners to pray that God will help them to resist temptation, and tell them never to do anything that will bring them back after they get out of their present trouble."' She was frightened at the thought; it followed her up; she asked the Mayor's permission to visit the jails, and went in spite of the protests of her friends, who disapproved her course. On her first visit she went alone; none would accompany her. That day she shook hands with three murderers, talked and prayed with them. Two weeks later, she stood by one as the death sentence was read, and in another two weeks, went with him to the gallows, turning away just before he was launched into eternity, but not before he had thanked her for leading him to Christ. Through her efforts 2,000 men have pledged themselves to better lives; one of her converts is a minister of God. 'When people are friendless and in prison, they will listen,' she says: 'they have time to think. In nearly every church in New Orleans, I see some face that I have met in prison, some one with whom I have pleaded, some one whose pledge I have taken.' Securing judicial clemency in certain cases, effecting reconciliations between parents and wayward children, getting clothing for prisoners who had none, have all been part of her labors. She has bought material, taken it to jail, cut it into garments, and stood over idle women, and men, too, and taught them how to sew. Thus, the fashioning of raiment served a triple purpose in keeping prisoners occupied, imparting an industry, and providing the needy

with covering. She seeks to have employment ready for the liberated. Her work is unsalaried. She supports herself as a seamstress.

Her chief efforts now are directed to the separation of children from adult prisoners. 'A child of six,' she says, 'committed for malicious mischief in the yard with hardened criminals, does not take long to become a criminal. The authorities have promised to turn young offenders, whose sins are not too serious, over to me as soon as I have a place for them. The ground has been secured, and I am seeking enough money to build upon it. When I have that home, I'm going to show what can be done with vagrant and delinquent children. I will make them acceptable wage-earners.'

A flourishing kindergarten in New Orleans owes its existence to Mrs. Joseph. She saw its need among her people, urged that need upon her white friends, and with their aid secured its establishment and support.—American paper.

Post Office Crusade.

GLIMPSES OF LETTERS FROM INDIA AND CANADA.

The following extracts from letters recently received will be of interest:—

No. 1.—'The "World Wide" has arrived. Many thanks. It is in tatters before done with. First we read it. Then it goes through the reading room, afterwards is passed on. So much for adults, because this "World Wide" was subscribed for by older readers of the "Northern Messenger."'

No. 2 will interest the little people of our Crusade:—

'I am Donald's mamma. I must write and send thanks for all the interest taken in him. He is not at home at present, as we have sent him up to the Hills to live with a friend and go to school. He has not seemed very robust this winter, and I was glad to get him away from the heat and plague which has been raging all around us.

'Donald's mail matter is getting larger than his father's, for papers, letters and stamps are just pouring in. I am afraid that he will not be able to answer all the letters, for he is only nine years old and is very busy at school now.' The rest of the letter is delightful, but is for private reading. Two sentences will touch you all, however, and I think it will be no harm to copy them.

'Our greatest trial is the loneliness.' Again, 'We are praying that the widespread suffering caused by the plague may bring about a widespread turning of the people to God.'

In conclusion, Donald's mother asks us to pray for the conversion of their people.

No. 3 is a beautifully written letter from a young native lady to whom someone is sending the 'Northern Messenger.' It was subscribed for direct from the 'Witness' Office. On enquiry I find the subscription expires in July.

She writes:—'I have received all the papers so kindly sent me. My brother and sister also receive papers, but not the one sent to me. We are all very thankful. I should have written earlier, but did not know where to address my letter.'

Some of this letter so nicely written is expressed in terms intelligible only to natives of India, so I cannot give it in detail as I shall have to get some missionary to explain the use of certain words foreign to me. However, this you will be glad to know, she continues: 'They the very nice, interesting papers, and the cards sent to my sister were very nice. If at any time you want me to help you I will be very willing to do so.'

The sister, I recollect now, is being supplied by Mr. Morrison, of Moore, Ont., with papers.

Not long ago a young woman in Canada wrote to say that she had received a charming letter from a young woman in India. She received the name and address through the Crusade. Unfortunately, I was not well when this letter arrived, and it has been mislaid, so I can only refer to it and thank my kind correspondent for her cheering words.

As I write the mail has come in. With it a kind note from Mrs. A. J. Golden, of Amherstburg, Ont., containing $3.28 from her class of boys and girls and others.

I am very thankful to that Sunday-school class for their generous response, and will write them when I arrange their field. A nice box of papers arrived from Mrs. Coates, of Ayr, Ont., and almost immediately afterwards a French gentleman from the Townships asked for a roll of the very papers that were packed among others in that gift. Some good friends are sending clean and wholesome papers, but just at present my stamp box is exhausted, so if they will mail them to:—

Mrs. Moore,
Soldiers' Home,
Wellington,
Nilgiris.
India.

I will be glad, for remember she has a big field, and some of those 1,000 Boers in her district may receive them, and take them back to South Africa. Postage to India is 1c on every two ounces. 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.' 'My friends, will you some of you, have mercy on me. One letter this week contained questions that could be easily replied to at any post-office, and which have been answered repeatedly in the 'Northern Messenger.' A whole day or perhaps two days' study of geography and history would be necessary before replying to some questions. Then, too, I must say most emphatically, I will not send addresses to anyone unless I know what papers or books are to be mailed. When I am asked for 100 addresses from a Mormon Centre my suspicions are aroused.

In the future, with the kind permission of the Editor, all questions will be answered through the 'Messenger.' Many prefer to send their money direct to the office. It would be better for all to go there, and an acknowledgment to be given in the 'Messenger.'

A young woman who writes a clear hand, has offered to help me. I will ask her to prepare addresses for me. These will be mailed to friends who will send 'The Northern Messenger' or 'The Sabbath Reading' to India. We know these papers. They are Christian, temperance and British in sentiment.

I am glad to say that all the subscriptions so far entered at the 'Witness' Office are paid up, with the one exception I mention, until September. In September several will lapse if friends fail. Yesterday I had the great pleasure of ordering:—

The 'Weekly Witness.'
'World Wide,'
'Sabbath Reading,'
'Northern Messenger,'

for the last Reading Room I wrote of in my previous letter. I hope soon to send them 'The Christian Herald,' and trust that some one will order either English or Canadian magazines for this field. The Leper Asylum is also being most kindly remembered.

Faithfully, M. E. COLE.

P.S.—At any time I will be glad to receive letters from which I can give glimpses, either for Canada or India, but in future regret to say that my strength will not permit a correspondence which is Dominion wide, and although delightful, very exhausting.

I would also like to acknowledge these amounts, received after my letter was written:—

Miss Jean McArthur..	$ 82
Miss Lizzie McIntyre..	1 00
Miss Jennie Taylor..	60

Faithfully,
M. E. COLE.
112 Irvine Ave, Westmount, Que.

To those readers of 'The Northern Messenger,' who kindly help India!

Dear Co-workers,—Grace to you and peace! It has been a pleasure to write to many of you, but there are those whose addresses I do not know; there are also those who seem to have ordered me copies of the good 'Northern Messenger' from the manager. Other magazines come too.

I want here to express grateful thanks to all. The Lord of the Harvest bless you! There are hundreds of channels for circulating literature and many good uses to which papers can be put here. A deaf and dumb girl has painted some of the pictures to make them more attractive in hospitals, etc. Some 'Northern Messengers' are taken to grog shops on Sunday afternoon. In one, twenty poor sailors were found drinking; nine were soon on the floor, quite drunk. A missionary cuts out the Temperance lessons so as to teach the children total abstinence. Sometimes at a meeting I am surprised into hearing a few verses recited or a good story read from a magazine I had given away some time before. Everything seems to come of use in this great country with its millions. Native Europeans, old and young, take literature, and want more.

Those who distribute get the blessing, too. In the W. C. T. U. we are working on the plan of keeping an account of the pages given away, and this comes into the annual report.

Very little native girls are learnisg English in some places, so we hope soon to reach more and more. Blessed be God!

Will you pray over each packet sent out? We must get up into the high mountain, if we want to teach all the glad tidings. Let us meet God there, and then minister to others. (Isa. lx). The loving thought in Mrs. Edwin Cole's heart that began under God this Postal Crusade, is bringing forth a Harvest. To you and to her we offer prayerful regards, and repeated thanks. Yours in the work,

(MISS) H. E. DUNHILL,
National Organizer, Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

12 South Parade, Bengalore, India.
May 15, 1902.

Newsdealers.

Most newsdealers sell 'World Wide.' If your dealer does not handle it, it is probable that we have not got his address. A postcard giving his name and address would be much appreciated by the publishers. John Dougall & Son., Montreal.

A bright high school boy in Ellsworth, Me., has had his eyes nearly ruined from the effects of a whiff of smoke from a cigarette blown into them by a room-mate. —'Woman's Voice.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

With Mary Reed and Her Lepers.

The many readers who sympathize with Miss Reed's work among the lepers will understand with what a special interest I drew near her lonely and lofty station at Chandag Heights, in India. Miss Reed had come down the hill a mile to meet me, and her warm welcome gave me an assurance that I should be rewarded for the seven days of mountain travel it had required to reach her. The new church stands on the very crest of the ridge (about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea), and is a landmark for many miles, as it stands out in spotless white.

Owing to the special conditions of Miss Reed's case*, the worker is of at least equal interest with the work, and many friends, if they could, would at once ask: 'What is the state of her health? How does she look?' In reply, I would say that my first feeling of thankfulness for her strong, healthy appearance had to be considerably modified in the eleven days during which I was her guest. On many of those days she looked, I regret to say, far from well or healthy, and I most earnestly entreat prayer for continued health to be granted her. I may not reveal much of what passed between us on this point. I may say, however, that Miss Reed informed me that she has been during the past few months very conscious of the presence of the disease by which she has been dedicated to the work in which she has been so graciously used.

* * * *

The many services we held for her afflicted people will live in my memory as among the most precious experiences of my Indian tour. Miss Reed welcomed my help, and gladly, as well as, I am sure, ably, interpreted the addresses in which I endeavored to set before the Hindoo lepers the spiritual cleansing freely offered them, and to lead the Christians to an experience of the more abundant life. Our prayers were answered, and the Holy Spirit used our two-fold testimony. It was a touching sight as our congregation bowed their marred faces to the ground, while, kneeling on the grass, and with tears in her voice, their friend and 'mother' (as they love to term her) pleaded for them. Our hearts were indeed gladdened, when, at the close of one of the services for the men, five of them definitely declared: 'I will open and let the Saviour in.' The address that morning had been upon, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' Among the Christians, both men and women, there were tokens of revival and restoration, some of the prayers and testimonials being very real and heartfelt.

The farewells at the close of our last meeting services in the church were most touching. These poor afflicted ones are so grateful for kindness, and it means so much to them that

LEPERS AND TEACHERS.

Christian people in far-away England should love them and pray for them and speak to them as representing those who support and care for them. Among many other expressions of gratitude they thanked God that he had given them such a comfortable home and so kind a 'mother.' Having heard that my departure would be early in the morning, they were sitting out on the cold grass before daylight for a last word, and as I at last wound down the valley I could see them waving their 'chuddahs' as long as I was in sight. In none of the fourteen asylums I have so far visited have I been enabled to get into such close touch with the lepers as here. I seemed to quite know them, and they me, by the time our closing service came round.

Miss Reed accompanied me down the hill when I left, and our final farewell was said as I rounded the bend in the road, which hid her from my view. I called back to her across the ravine, 'Hitherto—Henceforth'; and she replied, 'Yes; and all the way, too.' —J. Jackson, in 'The Faithful Witness.'

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*Miss Reed, an American lady, contracted the disease of leprosy while working among the lepers.

Nancy Joye's Experience.

(By Mrs. Ellen Ross, in 'Alliance News.')

'Nancy! Nancy! here's your Uncle Sam driving up,' called Mrs. Joye, from her wash-tub, in excited tones. 'What on earth brings him here now, and not a word to say he was coming, and me in the midst of my wash! Put the kettle on, child, we must get him summat to eat, to be sure, I'll be in directly.'

Nancy bustled about, and just managed to get the kettle on, and then ran to the door to welcome the big, genial uncle as he got out of his trap, and hitched his mare to the garden fence.

'Hullo, Nancy!' he shouted, 'how be ye? And how d'ye like this frosty weather? It brings rare roses to your cheeks, my lass, and you're as bloomin' as the flowers in May!'

Nancy grew more rosy at this flattery, and led the way in, putting the biggest arm chair by the fire, and helping her uncle to take off his great-coat.

'And how's the mother?' he inquired, gazing at his pretty niece with a critical air that rather confused her. She was a shy, pretty girl of about seventeen, with a lovely complexion, wavy auburn hair, and deep blue eyes.

'Mother's all right, thank you, Uncle, and she's in a wonderment about what's brought you over so sudden like. There's nothing the matter is there?'

'Nothing the matter, my lass. It's bisness that's brought me over, as you shall hear by-and-bye.'

Mrs. Joye soon came in, having turned down her sleeves, and put on a clean apron, and gave her brother a hearty greeting. She was like himself, rather portly, slow-moving, slow of thought, and of speech.

Well, it's many a day since you came over, Sam, but you're kindly welcome, and I be real glad to see ye. How be things goin' down at your place? Is the missis well?'

'Things be going right well, Polly,' he replied, with his sister's southern accent. 'So well,' he added, 'that we finds ourselves short-handed for Christmas, and that's what brings me over to-day; so I might as well come to the point at once, for I haven't much time to spare.'

'Well, get tea for'ard, Nancy. Yer uncle must have tea afore he goes back.'

Nancy moved about quickly and quietly, her uncle's eye following her with appreciation. Mrs. Joye sat down to await further information.

'Well, ye know,' Uncle Sam went on, 'things have been pretty prosperous with us this year, and business is increasing. A factory's been started not far from us, and as ours was the only proper, respectable house about there, I thought it 'ud be good bis to go one better, and have a new front put on. And my! it'll take the shine out o' your eyes when ye see it; all white and gold and plate-glass, reel spiffin', I can tell ye. The game was worth the candle, for business has nearly doubled since. And the fact is, I want another hand for Christmas, and thinks I to myself, why shouldn't the grist go to our Polly's mill? So I've jest come to ask Nancy to come and help us for a few weeks through the holiday season, and I dessay she'll know what to do with the few pounds as she'll get.'

As Mrs, Joe did not at once respond, he went on, 'You needn't be afraid to let Nancy

come to "The King's Head." It's about the respectablest house in the place; and I'm her uncle, and will look after her.'

'Yes, I know,' said Mrs. Joye, at length, 'and we've bin talking lately about whether Nancy should take a situation or not. Times isn't very good with us, and though I'm very glad of her help in my little dairy, I could manage to do without her. It's bin a struggle since my old man died, and it seems sometimes as if we ain't got a chance to put anything by for a rainy day, and that's what we ought to be doing whilst we're strong and well. But I hadn't no thought of anything for Nancy 'cept a nice place as housemaid, or summat like that. And I 'spect you'd want her in the bar?'

'Jest that. She's a good lookin' girl, and seems to me just cut out for it. I've got two barmaids already, besides a man, but them gels couldn't hold a candle to our Nancy. And she's spry, too, and would soon get into the way of things.'

Mrs. Joye gazed into the fire and thought slowly for a minute or two, with but little imagination. She thought of the one or two village public-houses that she was familiar with, kept by decent country people who saw no harm in it. Then she thought vaguely of her brother's guardianship of Nancy, and of the pounds that she would return home with after a short period of service.

'Well,' she said, at last, 'I bain't teetotal, but I don't very much like the idea of publics for women. I shouldn't like no harm to come to my Nancy, nor to anybody else's lass. But there is gels as is barmaids, and I s'pose as they gets no harm. And if so be as you'll look after Nancy, and see no mischief happens to her, I don't mind letting her go for three or four weeks, if she've a mind to go. What d'ye say, Nancy?'

Nancy colored up and smiled, and said she didn't know. She was thinking longingly of the 'pounds,' but she had more imagination than her mother, and she thought of other things. She had never liked going to the neighboring inn to fetch beer for her parents, who were very moderate people. She didn't like the smell of the place, and she was very frightened of drunken men. She knew some families of drunken men, and the privations and miseries that they suffered, and she had often heard poor women say that they wished all the public-houses could be burned down. She had little qualms about the proposal, and being pressed by her uncle for an opinion, she presently said:—

'I s'pose it 'ud be a quiet, decent place, Uncle; no drunken men making rows, or anything of that sort? I should be frightened.'

'That you wouldn't, my dear, with me there, and my right-hand man. He's a rare good chucker-out. But things'll be all right, take my word for it, and you can be very useful to me, and me to you. And I'll give you a smart new frock for a Christmas present. Folks is a bit smarter in towns than they be in the country, you know, and my niece shan't be behind any of 'em in looking spicy, I can tell ye. So shall we consider that a job done, for you to come to me the beginning of next week, to stay three weeks or a month over Christmas?'

'Shall I, mother?' said Nancy, more gravely, and still with a heightened color.

'Yes, I think wou might try it,' said Mrs. Joye.

'Very well; then I'll slip over with the trap for her, and that'll save her the three mile walk to the station. It allays seems to me not wuth while to take a three mile walk for a ten miles railway journey.'

'If that's settled jest turn ye round and get a cup o' tea,' said Mrs. Joye. 'And make a good meal afore ye turn out again. Won't ye take the trap round to the back, and give the mare a bite?'

Uncle Sam acted on the suggestion, and when he returned to the well-spread tea-table, the talk went on about his business, his money-making, the good time that Christmas was for trade, and everything was painted in a rosy light.

When he was muffled up again in his great-coat, he chucked Nancy under the chin, and said, 'We'll make a woman of you before you come back, Nancy! I'll be bound you'll get over your shyness before long, and able to stand up for yourself bold like. There's nothing like rubbing up against other people for giving you a bit of courage. You'll see plenty of life in our place, I can tell ye.'

'You'll ask yer wife to look after her health, won't ye, Sam? She ain't over strong, though she's healthy, and I shouldn't like her to ketch bad colds, or anything.'

'Oh, we'll look after her, never fear,' said Uncle Sam, as he drew on his gloves; and the next minute he was off, leaving mother and daughter to their thoughts.

During the next few days, the thoughts of Nancy were many and varied. Sometimes she felt gay at the thought of having a new experience, and again she felt frightened at the thought of having to do with a lot of strange people, and of being actually an inmate of a public-house, and serving! At such moments she felt inclined to give up all thought of going, but the bait allured her, and she had bright visions of what she could do for her mother and herself with those pounds of which her uncle had spoken.

She had no sister to talk to on the subject, and only one brother, who went out early in the mornings to his work, and was not inclined to talk when he came home at night. However, he said enough on this subject to let his mother and Nancy know that he did not approve of the step that Nancy was taking. And as a final word he said, 'Now see, Nancy, that you don't touch the drink you're selling. You've never bin used to it at home; don't get used to it there.'

On the morning of her going he wished her goodbye, and said, 'I'd rather you'd started after Christmas, Nancy. Mother and me'll have a lonesome time like.'

'Oh no, you won't, Steve,' said Nancy, in a comforting tone. 'You must get one of your friends to tea, and try to make mother a bit divelv.'

Nancy was quite in a tremor when her uncle appeared to take her away, and as she wished her mother good-bye, the tears would hardly keep back. Her little paper-covered trunk was safely stowed at the back of the trap, and away they went. She had taken this journey once before since her uncle had been landlord of 'The King's Head,' but on that occasion she and her mother had gone as guests to spend a summer afternoon with the uncle and aunt, and they had had tea in a beautiful parlor, quite away from the bar with its sights and sounds and smells.

But now on her arrival, as soon as tea was over, she was taken into the bar and introduced to Miss Long and Miss Hurst, two good-looking young women who had completely spoiled themselves by their get-up, which was of a sort that almost staggered Nancy, and made her feel the most insignificant little dowdy that ever was. Their dresses were gay and much furbelowed, open at the neck, and with elbow sleeves. Their heads were a big mass of fringe, and they wore much jewellery of sparkling crystals. Nancy instinctively shrank from them.

'Now, young ladies,' said Uncle Sam, 'I have brought my niece to help you, and you must teach her how to do it. You won't have much chance to-night, I know, so she must just sit and watch you; and to-morrow morning, when you are slack you must teach her how to manage everything. She will soon pick it up, I know.'

So Nancy sat and watched, and during the next few hours there passed before her eyes a panorama the like of which she had never imagined. The barman in his shirt sleeves, and the two barmaids, were kept going at express speed all the time, serving out liquor of every licensed description to all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. Young, well-dressed men and women came together for their glass of beer, or their nip of spirits. Young men with the mark of the beast on their poor, spoiled faces, came to linger over their glasses, and exchange talk with the barmaids that made Nancy flush all over. Children of all ages come with non-descript vessels, ranging from a sound bottle to jugs, and cups, and pots, broken and unbroken—anything in which drink could possibly be carried away.

Women with babies in their arms came for their pennyworths of beer, or gin, which they shared with the wretched infants in some cases. The number and variety of ever-changing customers were bewildering, and baffled description. On every one there was a something that differentiated them from the ordinary sane, wholesome, country people that Nancy had been accustomed to meet with, a subtle sort of indication of their being victims to forces that were dragging them down to destruction.

Nancy could not have defined all this, but she felt it through and through as she sat and watched these people, and heard their money jingling into the tills in a continuous stream, and saw them swallow the liquor that was working out their destruction. What were they getting for their money? she thought. And why should they be spending it thus, when it was evident that for the most part they needed it for other things—for clothes, and shoes, and food? Why were little children sent to such a place, where blasphemous and foul language was the rule and not the exception?

Then she wondered in a dazed sort of way how Miss Long and Miss Hurst managed to take everything as such a matter of course, handing the people their drink as if they were conferring a blessing, cracking jokes with the half-tipsy men, and sometimes taking sips with them, and pretending to make arrangements to meet them for a walk, or to go to the theatre, just to please them, as they afterwards told Nancy, and keep them in a good humor. Very good saleswomen, who had learned their miserable business well!

Nancy presently grew sick and weary of it all, and went away to her aunt to ask if she would let her go to bed early, as she did not feel very well. Mrs, Hazell was very willing and kind, and hoped she would be all right in the morning.

In her own little room Nancy cried as if her heart would break, and sleep was far from her. The rumble and roar of traffic outside, the confused distant murmur of the bar below, kept her on the strain, and, by-and-by, when that murmur developed in to shouts and screams, which were soon heard more plainly in the street below, Nancy sup-

posed that the 'chucker-out' had found some work to do. There was more shouting and drunken singing when a neighboring church clock struck eleven, and then gradually peace and quiet came, and at length Nancy fell asleep.

The next morning her aunt told her that the dress maker was coming in to work, and would want to fit her that the skirt of her dress was almost finished, and she wanted to have the dress ready for her in the evening, as she would be serving. She was told to go into the bar early in the day to get used to it, and the girls there would tell her about the different liquors, the prices, and so forth.

Nancy was awkward and nervous for some time, but she determined to try her best to please her uncle, and to be as handy as the two young barmaids. They made a deal of fun out of her country speech and ways, and assured her that she was very green, but she would soon find her feet and hold her own. Their talk, when not busy, was principally about the young fellows who frequented the bar; what this one had said, and what the other one had given, and they spoke with the utmost flippancy and unconcern of this one and that who were going too fast to the dogs.

Nancy felt depressed and even more so in the evening, when she found herself in a very smart dress, which she thought good enough for a princess. The girls had tried in vain to make her frizz her head into a mop, and put a touch of color on her cheeks, for she was paler than when she arrived. Nancy's prettiness, however, wanted no helps, and with her naturally wavy hair and clear, honest face, she far outshone the two bedizened ones, and even attracted more attention from the customers than they. More than once she was on the point of fleeing at things that men said to her, but the girls whispered to her not to be a fool, nor take notice of what any of them said. 'It's only their little way when they're fuddled,' they assured her.

The women, too, said horrid things to her now and then, and for reply she only gazed at them with deep pity. 'Poor things,' they ought to be like mother,' she said to herself. And then she wondered how her mother would like to see her serving such debased creatures with drink and more drink.

Presently a handsome young workingman came to her to be served, and put down a half-crown for his whiskey. As she handed him the change he said:—

'Nothing o' the sort, my dear; you shall keep that for yourself. Yes, I mean it,' he said, with tipsy emphasis. 'You're a right down pretty lass, and you shall have that money to buy a ribbon to tie up your bonnie brown hair. So there!'

'Humph! a pretty one you be, John Maxwell,' said a woman standing beside him with a glass of gin. 'Fancy the likes of you throwing your money at the pretty girls when your wife's got to turn out to work to get bread for the children. A pretty one you be!'

He turned round on her with an oath, and was going to strike her, when a bystander interfered, and a battle of oaths and invective forthwith began between the two, which the sturdy barman had to bring to an end with threats.

'Why don't you take the money, silly?' said one of the girls, quietly.

'I wouldn't touch it for anything,' said Nancy, hotly, as she turned away to another customer. By the end of the evening she felt really ill with the sights and sounds that had been forced on her all the time. She felt like one in a dreadful dream, and longed with an intense longing to be back with her mother in the cottage home. Even the thought of the pounds was losing its charm. They were being too dearly got. Tired and dazed she went to bed with a firm resolve that she would tell her uncle in the morning that she must give it up.

After breakfast next day she went to look for him, but was told he had gone out on business, and would not be back till two o'clock. So she went on with her distasteful work in the bar, buoyed up with the thought that it would be at an end.

As soon as her uncle returned she went and told him how miserable she was, and how she could not bear to think of another night in the bar. To her surprise he was very angry, and said she would have to keep to her engagement. She had begun very well, and she could do very well if she liked, and he couldn't be left short-handed now on Christmas Eve. No, she must do the work that he was going to pay her well for, and so on. Nancy's tears would not keep back, and he scolded her for this, and said she would spoil her pretty face for the evening. 'Go upstairs now and get used it. You'll be all right when you get used to things,' he added, more kindly.

Nancy did go upstairs, but it was to put on her cloak and hat. She put her things in her box, locked it, and left it there, and gathered into a small parcel her few small treasures. She watched her opportunity, and slipped out unobserved, and away to the railway station. She had enough money for the short journey, and the additional walk of three miles was nothing to her.

The darkness fell before she had done much of the walking, but she knew every step of the way, and stars and a young moon gave her light.

As she drew near to the village the Christmas chimes rang out, and she began to cry, though she could not have told what for. Thoughts of her peaceful home-life, with its sweet, sane simplicities; of their pleasant Sabbaths in the old church, and the Sunday-school, of their friendly intercourse with honest, right-living neighbors, swept over her in contrast with the orgies of her uncle's tavern, and she shuddered. 'How can he, how can he make money that way? And how can he let girls help him to make it?' she said to herself with sorrowful anger.

When at length she reached home and walked quietly in, her mother was startled out of her ordinary composure. 'What on earth's the matter, child?' she cried.

'You mustn't be cross with me, mother, for coming back,' said Nancy, with starting tears, 'but I'll tell you everything, and then you'll see as I couldn't stand it.'

When she had finished her tale of woe her mother said kindly, 'You did right not to stop, but you shouldn't have left that way. No, that wasn't right. But I'll go over to-morrow, and make it all right with Uncle Sam, and if I can I'll make him ashamed of hisself for trying to get rich in such a way, and for getting any mother's gels to help him! I wonder if he'd let a daughter of his own earn money that way? Why, it seems to me as it's jest setting them on the way to destruction, that's what it is. Yes, I'll let him know what I think about having gels for sech work, and I hope it'll open his eyes for him! I'm thankful as I've got ye back safe and sound, Nancy, and when you starts out again to earn money, we'll see that it shan't be by helping to send poor fellow-creeturs to destruction.'

That 'Free Bed.'

(By Estelle Mendell Amory, in 'Standard.')

'Isn't it too bad about Alice?'

'And her folks so poor.'

'Then to live only to be an invalid, the doctor says, and that for many years, perhaps.'

'Well, we must try to help her bear her misfortune,' was Ellen Dorr's practical remark, as a number of school girls stood on the corner commenting upon the accident of the morning.

'If her old father'd been 'tending to his business, 't wouldn't have happened,' observed one of a group of boys, as they passed the girls.

'Pity 'twan't him 'stead of Alice—he's no 'count.'

At the ladies' aid the matter was also being discussed.

'Mrs. Nolan's just heartbroke. She set great store by Alice's teaching this spring. She's almost washed her life away to keep her studying.'

'Well, I'd never let her carry such a big basket of clothes on such slippery walks as this morning. Why didn't old man Nolan take them—that's 'bout all he's ever been good for.'

'Oh you know he sometimes drinks so much he can't go,—and there he lays in a dead stupor on the bed and poor Alice in great pain on the lounge in that little house.'

'I don't see how they are going to stand it, poor things.'

'Well, as Christian women, we must see to it that they are made as comfortable as possible.'

'It is hard to believe that Mr. Nolan was once a sober man with a good home, but it's a fact, and I'm sorry to know that a doctor is largely to blame for his fall.'

'Yes,' Mrs. Taggart continued, as all looked up so surprised, 'the doctor found him a hard case to handle, he mended so slowly—he was gloomy, morbid and had no appetite—so he prescribed stimulants, little realizing the poor man's inherited craving for the same. From sparing doses, he soon grew to demand more and more until it's his complete master.'

'Sad, indeed.'

'Sad is no name for it. Think of all Mrs. Nolan, a naturally delicate, sensitive woman, has suffered; and the poor children.'

'And now the prospect of Alice's being a burden instead of a help, and suffering so.'

That morning Mrs. Nolan, being in great need for money to buy coal, had asked Alice to take Mrs. Long's washing home before school. Everything was covered with a glare of ice, and without the protection of even rubbers, she had slipped down some stone steps and had seriously—it was feared—injured her hip and spine.

Gloomy days followed this accident, and the only happiness Alice and her mother knew, was of that 'negative' order—'things might be worse.'

'No, I don't dare think how much worse things might have been,' said Alice one day, 'if the union and the young people of the church had not been so kind.'

'Yes, and they've been so regular and faithful; they mean we shall not want,' added the mother, as she thought of the many good and useful things so quietly flowing in.

On this Mrs. Nolan endeavored to centre her mind and that of Alice, rather than upon the hopeless prospect before them, with the father a confirmed drunkard, Alice a bedridden invalid, and Frank, Nellie, Hattie and Lee to be educated and cared for. 'These

are conditions no charity can militate against,' thought Mrs. Nolan.

But she did not know what was passing in the motherly heart of good Mrs. Lyman, a most unselfish soul, always trying to bear another's burden. Ever since she was convinced of the seriousness of Alice's condition, she had been thinking hard and had written to different hospitals and sanatoriums to see if there might not be help for the dear girl.

At first she was much discouraged, as letter after letter came—all offering hope wi h their many appliances—but all so high-priced as to be way beyond their reach. But finally she received word from a sanatorium in their own state, where the young people's Christian societies maintained a 'free bed.'

'Oh, if I could only get Alice in there,' she exclaimed; 'and it's vacant just now. I am sure the young people will be glad to raise the money to send her.'

It was one bright day in May, following the November in which Alice was hurt, that a party of young folks called at the humble Nolan home, with a happy surprise for its inmates. Kate Manning never knew just how she broached the delicate matter, but she realized that she had not made half her 'little speech' until Alice, the whole family, and all the young folks, were crying and laughing.

'Oh, you are too good—too good,' said Alice. 'I can never repay you. How did you ever think of such a beautiful thing?'

'Oh, it was dear Mrs. Lyman who planned it all.'

'Just like her,' quietly sobbed Mrs. Nolan.

In a corner sat Alice's father, with averted face, the tears fast streaming from his eyes. He was strangely moved by what he heard. Since the accident he had done better, but the enemy still claimed him.

'Can't I be a man, and a father to my family once more?' he cried in agony of soul.

'I can, I will,' he suddenly exclaimed aloud, wholly unconscious, for the moment, of his surroundings.

'What is it, father?' asked Alice, tenderly, for she had always felt a fondness for him.

The color rushed quickly to the haggard face, and rising to his feet, Mr. Nolan, in a few brief sentences, told of the terrible struggle in his breast.

'But the victory has come at last, by God's grace I'm free.'

That was a most impressive moment, one never forgotten by those present. Good Mrs. Lyman had quietly slipped in, for 'she did want to see how Alice and her mother took it.' And she it was who relieved the pressure by starting, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' in which all who could control their emotions, joined.

Alice Nolan was soon in a large, airy sanitarium, taking baths, electrical treatment, etc., and mending rapidly.

The friends never felt quite sure which helped Alice most—this medical attention that their love had made possible, or her father's restoration to manhood. We dare say both.

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'The skeleton in many a closet is a long-necked bottle.'

The Story of an Hour.

(A W. C. T. U. Worker, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

One day late last summer, at one of the Friday meetings of our W. C. T. U., each one present pledged herself to do one hour at least of specific temperance work of some kind, during the week following, and bring report of it at the next meeting. One sister, distinguished for activity and zeal, thought one hour entirely too small an offering; she would give more, perhaps half a day. She went to her home. Saturday was a very busy day, and Sunday there seemed no opportunity. Monday was full of home cares. Tuesday company came from a distance, and she could not leave them to go out. Wednesday her little girl was taken sick, and she began to think she should not get in so very much temperance work after all. However, she still kept it in mind, and decided that she would distribute some temperance literature bearing on special needs, and selected with a view to them, and to that end laid a little roll of tracts with her bonnet, so as to be ready the moment she was free. Thursday passed, and Friday found her at two o'clock with just one hour between her and the meeting. Hastily donning her outside wraps, she took the roll of tracts and started, thinking that even yet she would get in the hour. Scarcely had she left the gate when she was met by a messenger, saying that she was needed in East Saginaw on business of importance, and that her husband was waiting for her at the street-car terminus, and she must go at once.

With a sigh that came near being a burst of tears, she entered a street-car. It was filled with young men, all strangers to her; some on their way to lumber camps, some evidently pleasuring. As they rattled along, it occurred to her that her tracts though selected for another place, might do good here; so she untied the packet, and found to her dismay that she had nothing but a few loose leaves of an old Gospel Hymn book. She knew in a moment that they had been substituted for her tracts by a mischievous boy of hers, who had heard her say what she was going to do. A sudden lurch of the car threw the parcel from her lap, and the leaves went flying in all directions. A young man near her helped to gather them up, and handed all back to her but one, which he retained. Watching him, she saw that he read it very attentively. Presently one of his comrades called out: 'I say, Hal, what have you found so interesting?' The drooped eyelids did not lift, but the answer was quiet and clear: 'A hymn my sister sang the day before she died. I have not seen it since till now.'

Something seemed to hinder any rejoinder, and the lady then passed the remainder of the leaves around. The boys examined them, said they knew some of the hymns, and they guessed they would get a copy to take up to camp, asked the price, where obtained, etc., and then the car stopped. The first young man, still holding his leaf, asked the lady if he might keep it, and also asked if it was her name that happened to be pencilled on the margin. She said 'Yes' to both questions. They separated, and she saw him no more.

Business over, it was too late for the meeting, and thinking that perhaps the lesson the Lord meant to teach her was one of humility for presuming to think she could do more than others, she went sadly home. Two months later she received a letter in an unknown hand, dated from a town in Pennsylvania, and signed with an unknown name. It proved to be from her fellow-traveller on the street-car. He said that the memories of his sister and her prayers and efforts for him, called up by reading that hymn, made his present careless life seem black with sin, and he resolved he would break away from his gay companions, and go home to his mother; but he postponed it from time to time, though haunted continually by the words of the hymn.

One night the bridge, while people were crossing, went down. He was one of the many precipitated into the water. As he felt himself going, he cried out in agony, 'O Lord, have mercy on my soul!' and knew no more till he found himself dripping, deserted, and nearly frozen, on the dock, where he had probably been thrown in the haste to save others. His first thought was, 'The Lord has given me one more chance; I'll take it.' Going to his boarding-house, he hastily packed his belongings, and not having time to change his clothes, boarded the midnight train just as he was, and went home. He said he had given himself wholly to Christ, and that he and his mother had the Sunday before united with the church. He thanked the lady for her instrumentality and kindness, and said he should keep that leaf as long as he lived.

I have been particular to tell it all, because there was so much in it to strengthen our faith, so many different lessons for us all. First, there was the teaching to be humble in the hindrances she met; then the doing with what we have to do with; the sister's influence, not lost, but reaching down through the years, to waken him at last; the angelic rejoicing over the prodigal's return; the mother had her boy again; the overruling of the mischief the boy meant; and what I think the most touching and beautiful lesson of all, how the dear Lord watched over the endeavor of our sister to do his work, and sweeping away all her plans, and substituting his own, crowned her poor effort with a success of which she had not dared to dream. Surely, her one hour's work had a rich harvest, and who knows the fate of the other leaves, that went, perhaps, to some lumber camp with their messages and memories? I said when I heard that story, that I would never be disheartened again; never, no matter if my plans all blew to the ends of the earth. Only to keep on with the effort. God is watching. We are 'workers together with him.' That has a new significance for me now.

Christ.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
  Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
  Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up a flower of prayer,
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;
  From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
  To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
  May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
  Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.
—Lucy Larcom.

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A Candy Pull in the Dark

(By Mrs. C. F. Fraser, Halifax School for the Blind, in 'Presbyterian Witness.')

'Please may we borrow your kitchen this evening?'

This is the request which a deputation of the older blind girls of our school frequently make of me.

'A candy party?' I replied interrogatively; and at the prompt answer I usually give my consent, stipulating only, for the benefit of my own sweet-tooth, that samples of the evening's product shall be brought me, after a proper amount has been set aside for the benefit of the younger pupils.

'Dear me! I should be afraid they would burn themselves, or perhaps set the place on fire,' said a solicitous visitor to me one evening when the deputation had smilingly departed.

At my laughing answer that I feared neither of these disasters, the good lady expostulated still further. 'You surely do not trust these girls alone, without some seeing person to help them and to watch over the fire?' she said, anxiously.

And for answer a half-hour later I bade her come with me to my cozy kitchen. The fragrant aroma of boiling molasses stole through the crack of the kitchen door as we pushed it further ajar while a merry hubbub within told that a good time was in progress.

My guest gave a little start of surprise, 'I don't understand this in the least,' she exclaimed in a whisper. 'The gas is not lit, the blinds are closely drawn, and there is nothing but the dim light from the front of the stove to show what is going on. I am sure it is very unsafe.

As she stood in the hallway accustoming her eyes to the flickering light, a voice which seemingly came from the same locality as the sound of the steady clank of an iron spoon against the sides of a pot, said brightly, 'Mary, Maud and Alice are to get the platters ready. The butter is in a small dish in the left-hand corner of the second shelf of the pantry. Please remember that the taffy pans are to have an extra greasing, for they are rough on the bottom and the candy sometimes sticks.'

My friend became not a little interested. 'That young woman is evidently the Mistress of Ceremonies,' she said, indicating who she meant by the nod of her head.

'The girls always call Alma the little housekeeper,' I said, softly. 'She is very capable and knows how to carry out whatever she undertakes.'

A scurry in the dark, a rattle of tins and cookery, combined with the sound of tearing paper and vigorous rubbing, told us that the instructions were being carried out to the letter. Then again the voice of the young housekeeper was heard.

'Another cup of cold water, Dora,' she said; and at once a tap was turned on, a cup filled, and a small girl was dimly seen crossing the kitchen.

It was evident that the crucial moment had not arrived, for the molasses, instead of balling in the cold water, remained, so the young cook announced, 'as soft as mush.'

'But how does she know? She cannot possibly see,' said my friend, amazed.

I murmured somthing about the practical use of the sense of touch, but as I spoke the spoon ceased its regular movements and the stirrer said, 'Nelly you may come here for a few minutes, my poor finger nails are smarting to the quicks.'

A tall, slender girl moved slowly across the room, but our attention was speedily diverted from her by the voice of the Mistress of Ceremonies. She now spoke from a distant corner, from whence a crunching sound had been steadily proceeding.

'Are you nearly ready with the pea-nuts, Jennie and Lulu?' she asked. 'I do hope you have been careful not to drop shells on the floor—'

'Nor to leave the inner brown coats on the nuts, in order to tickle the throats of those who eat our candy,' interruped Jennie, saucily. While Lulu added teasingly:

'Don't fuss, old lady; we have done everything just as your own particular self would wish.'

Just here the housekeeper's nose and ears warned her of danger, and she hurried back to her post. Under the less vigorous rule of her successor, the molasses had frothed lightly to the brim of the pot, and a tiny trickle had already run down on the stove, whence arose a smell of scorching. A few strong, roundabout strokes at once brought the seething pot to order, but immediately a new excitement arose. Dora, in the course of an excited trip with the testing cup, inadvertently trod on the tail of the cat, who uttered a doleful 'miaow' as she sought refuge under the stove.

'I'm so sorry, pussy! I hadn't the least idea you were there,' began Dora, apologetically, at which the girls burst into peals of irresistible laughter.

'But you all know I would not have hurt her for worlds!' began Dora, with a trace of grievance in her voice.

'Don't fret, Dora. A tiny thing like you couldn't hurt her much, anyhow,' said the cook soothingly. 'Please forget all about it, and bring me fresh water quickly, for I think the candy is nearly ready.'

The testing was evidently satisfactory, for immediately the pot-block was laid on the table, while the cook with the aid of a helping hand, carried the pot to the table, rested it on the block for a moment, and then, tilting it forward, allowed the thickened molasses to spread out on the waiting platters, which were at once set outside on the window ledge to cool. A small quantity of molasses which had been reserved for taffy was retained in the pot and again set to boiling.

But the little housekeeper was by no means through her duties. 'There is a saucer of flour on the shelf over the sink, girls,' she announced. 'Rub your hands well with it, so that there will be no burns or blisters to complain of later on.

It was not long before the platters were brought in and great lumps of the soft substance were given around. Jennie and Lulu whose knowledge of this stage of the work evidently exceeded that of the others, combined their portions, and pulled and stretched the soft, yielding mass from each other's outstretched hands, until, as Lulu expressed it, the consistency changed from soft dough to that of spun silk. The others worked singly, but evidently with excellent results, for when the taffy mixture had been set aside to cool, the cook had nothing but words of encouragement or approval to give her assistants.

'Don't stop, girls, even if your arms do get tired!' she urged. 'The candy hardens quickly, and must be worked while it is soft. And don't try to whiten it with flour, either, Nelly,' she added, as she recognized the girl's suspicious nearness to the flour saucer. 'Work the air well through it, and it will whiten through in the proper manner. Jennie and Lulu, yours must nearly be ready by this time. I will flour the bread-board while you pull out long thin strips that will make a pretty braid.'

Since the real work of candy-making was really over I drew my friend into my own sitting-room, whereupon she at once began asking many more questions.

'Will they not leave the kitchen in a terrible state?' she asked. 'I should expect to find molasses over everything; though to be sure,' she added, reflectively, 'everything seemed to be done in a very orderly manner—so far, of course, as one could judge in the dark.'

'They will leave the kitchen in the same condition in which they found it,' I answered her. 'The pot will be filled with water and left to soak over night, but they will come early in the morning before we are astir and give it a thorough washing. The floor will be neatly brushed up and the stove top left scrupulously clean. Oh, I assure you our girls are by no means the bad housekeepers you think them.'

Just here the little housekeeper, flushed but radiant, came to my door. 'We have such good luck to-night!' she said, happily. 'The worked twists and braids are better than ever before, and I am sure you will have no fault to find with the taffy.'

While my friend and I were showing our appreciation of the toothsome dainties in the most practical manner, a chorus of 'Good-night' and 'Thank you so much for the kitchen,' greeted us, and presently the retreating footsteps of the girls could be heard in the corridor.'

'They are really wonderful girls,' said my friend slowly, as she nibbled at a bit of the crisp taffy. 'An hour ago I did not believe it possible that they could make candy at all, but now,' she added, with a smile, 'I can truly say that the candy pull in the dark has been an unqualified success.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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Many Spirit of Boer Leaders—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Proposed Suspension of the Cape Constitution—Correspondence of the 'Times.'
A Prophet—By L. F. Austin, in 'Illustrated London News.'
The Navy and the Empire—'The Navy and Army Illustrated,' London.
From War to Peace—By Henry Rutgers Marshall, in 'International Monthly,' New York. Condensed.
Chili and Argentina—'The Times' and 'The Spectator,' London.
The Khedive—'The Spectator,' London.
South Polar Expedition—'Manchester Guardian.'
Evening on the Veldt—'Blackwood's Magazine.' Abridged.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Buying of Pictures: its Theory, Practice and Romance—By Harry Quilter, in 'Chambers's Journal.'
Mezzotint—'Illustrated London News.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

An Irish Sibyl—'The Spectator,' London.
Edward Rowland Sill—New York 'Times.'
The Hound of the Baskervilles.
The Storm-Poem, by Dora Sigerson Shorter, in 'The Pilot,' London.
An Author at Grass—Part III.—Extracts from the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, edited by George Gissing, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
By Frank T. Bullen—New York 'Times.'
A Critic of Society—'Daily News,' London.
Words of Faith and Hope—'The Athenaeum,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The House of the Double Axe at Knossos—By Louis Dyer, in 'The Nation.'
Quartz as a Jewel—'Scientific American.'
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The Pet of the Convalescent Home.

(By the Rev. Canon Sutton, M.A. Vicar of Aston, Birmingham.)

All children love a pet. But perhaps those who are ill and unable to play, are more dependent on a pet than the healthy and strong. At the Moseley Convalescent Home, there is a lovely black and tan terrier, who is a joy and delight to the youthful patients. Her name is Lulu. No child is the least afraid of Lulu. Every face brightens when Lulu comes near.

LULU.

Here is a little chap who is too ill to bear much food yet. He needs to be kept very quiet. But there is one friend whose visits do him nothing but good. When he hears Lulu's feet scampering over the floor his face brightens up into a quiet, happy smile, and he brings from under his pillow some small scrap of food that has been kept for his beloved pet. She is very gentle, never makes a noise, and seems to know as much about the patients as if she were a doctor or a nurse.

Some of the children are able to be about and play. Of course Lulu scampers about with them. But she treats them with a sort of indifference; they are all very well in their way, she enjoys a romp with them as an interlude between the more serious duties of life. She seems to know that the children who are obliged to lie still, who cannot even rise up from their beds high enough to look over the side of the cot, who are too feeble to call 'Lulu,' 'Lulu,' as the stronger children do, are in special need of her affectionate attention. So she goes to them unbidden, jumps up on their beds, gently as possible, and lets them stroke her sleek back and murmur words of affection in her ear.

The prettiest and most touching sight of all, perhaps, is to observe Lulu with a little blind girl.

This child hears Lulu's feet from afar. She loves her dearly; but she could have little or no knowledge of Lulu, if the dumb animal did not, by some curious instinct, realize that to please the blind child she must come close to her. So she jumps on to her bed and 'snoodles' her little black nose close up to the child's face. There the two lie, happy and content, until Lulu feels that, fond as she is of her blind friend, and pleasant as it is to be close to her, it is really time to be off to pay visits of ceremony, condolence, or congratulation to other patients.

One would expect that the little creature would get over-fed and to some degree spoiled amongst so many fond admirers, every one of whom would love to give Lulu part of his or her food. But it is not so, She is an elegant creature, as refined in appearance as she is in character, which is saying a great deal.—'Home Words.'

A Little Gentleman.

(From the 'Christian Globe.')

It was a hot day in June when several passengers entered a train on the Great Northern Railway. Among them were several young college boys who were on their way home for their summer vacation. They were stylish, well-dressed lads, and were as gay and happy as boys usually are who have put books aside, and seen in fancy home and loved ones, and the pleasure of a season's holiday.

A party of merry girls already occupied the railway carriage, and in a little time the train seemed flooded with youth and sunshine. The day was sultry, and the older

people in the carriage looked warm and tired.

A very lean woman, with an ample lunch basket, divided her time between eating chicken and boiled eggs and fanning vigorously with a turkey-tail fan; while a stout man in the corner mopped his face with a big bandanna handkerchief, and remarked by way of emphasis: 'Hot, very hot!'

The girls and boys took in every incident, laughing and tittering all the while. Just across the aisle, opposite the boys, sat a woman holding a baby. A pale, tired, despairing look was on her face, and her eyes were full of suffering. The little one was fretful, and cried pitcously; but the young mother was too sick and exhausted even to try to amuse or quiet the baby.

'Oh, just listen to that young one! I think crying babies ought to be put out of the cars!' one of the girls said, petulantly.

'Yes, my head begins to ache,' said another, while the boys laughed; and the louder the child cried the more merriment it caused among the young people, while the lean woman and the fat man scowled and complained.

'I do not see any cause for ridicule,' said Fred. Western, as he arose; and to the amazement of all the passengers, he crossed to where the woman sat, and, with a courteous bow, extended his arms.

'Please let me hold your baby a while,' he said, 'I have a little sister just her age, and she loves me dearly. You look so tired, ma'am!'

The child opened wide her big brown eyes and gazed into the handsome, bright face of the boy, as, without hesitation, she sprang forward into the outstretched arms. She ceased crying, and her lips puckered into a plaintive little sob.

'Oh, how good you are!' the mother said, with a sigh of relief. 'Thank you.' And she pressed her eyes to keep back the tears of gratitude. 'You are a brave boy,' she said, 'to show such an act of kindness while your companions jeer and ridicule. Thank you,' she said again. 'Ah, she loves you already.'

And the once beautiful face of the woman was bright for a moment as she saw her baby laugh aloud with joy, although tears still hung on the long, dark lashes.

'Now,' said Fred, 'since you see what good friends we are, suppose you lie down and rest. I will take care of the baby. Come, now, we will see the birdies fly.'

And with his little charge held tenderly in his arms, he took his seat beside the window, and soon had the baby's attention riveted on the passing, flitting scenes as the train sped on its way.

The passengers looked on in surprise, and Fred's companions ceased laughing and became quiet. The effect of his kind, manly act was electrical. It was a silent rebuke to every person in the carriage. In a moment the ladies and the thoughtless girls each offered to assist Fred in caring for the little one.

'Dear little darling!' was the exclamation of the girls. And with motherly tenderness all fondled and petted the child. But she clung to Fred tenaciously, as if resenting her long neglect and their sudden overtures of devotion.

The lean woman put aside her turkey-tail fan, and went deep in her basket for a 'drum stick' for baby.

The stout man forgot it was a very hot day, and looked on with interest. Calling Fred to him he, chucked the baby under the chin.

'Pretty child she is. Now say, young man, why don't the mother go in the sleeping-car, I wonder? She looks mighty uncomfortable over there. She is fast asleep, with her head on that hard leather satchel. Humph! I hadn't noticed the poor woman before. She looks more dead than alive.'

'Yes, sir; she's very bad off, I think,' Fred answered, 'and she hasn't money enough to take a sleeping-car. I have a little change, and I though I would just offer it to her. From what she told me, sir, I think she is very poor.'

'Indeed, indeed!' said the man, going deep into his pocket. 'Now, my boy, you keep your money. Here, Brown Eyes, you and your ma be comfortable.'

So saying, he pushed a purse containing several pieces of gold into the chubby fist of the child.

'Now I want your name,' Fred Western said.

'Here's my card, Fred, and I want you to keep it, and if you ever want a situation, ever want assistance in time of trouble, ever want a recommendation, just come to me.'

A moment later he left the train, and Fred read on the card the name of a man who is called the Merchant King, and a man of whom he had often heard.

The woman slept on, when suddenly she awoke and looked about her in a puzzled way. Fred was at her side.

'Now,' said she, 'I am feeling so much better. My sleep has given me new life.'

And she took the baby in her arms, and Fred gave her the money the gentleman had left for her, which proved to be a very liberal sum—more than the poor woman had ever seen at one time. She simply bowed her head and wept as if her heart would break.

Again the train stopped. It was at the station at which Fred must get out. The woman raised her eyes with a smile of gratitude that Fred forever remembered, and baby put out her arms and cried piteously for him. He stopped and watched the train until it turned a curve. The woman was waving to him, and the little arms still beckoned him. The engine rushed on its way like a great living monster, with its breath of steam and its eyes of fire, leaving its train of purple smoke.

Only a Pig.

There is a story of a gentleman who made a pet of a little pig. It was white and clean, and very amusing. Every morning it came to his house to be fed. He even directed a blue ribbon to be tied around its neck.

The pig became so tame that he would follow his master through the streets, which was an unusual sight.

But after a time the pig stopped coming to the house. He preferred to stay in the sty. He was no longer clean, but became black and muddy, and his pretty ribbon was spoiled. He loved to root and wallow in the mire like the rest.

He was only a pig, after all.

In the same way we show by our actions pretty certainly what we are. It is useless to try to change ourselves by something that we put on the outside. When our character is changed we shall not need to hide our true selves by false pretentions.—'Friendly Geetings.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON I.—JULY 6.

The Giving of Manna.

Ex. xvi., 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 4, 5. Read Ex. xv., 22; xvi., 36; Jno. vi., 26-59.

Golden Text.

'Give us this day our daily bread.' Matt. vi., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 30.—Exod. xvi., 1-15.
Tuesday, July 1.—Exod. xvi., 16-26.
Wednesday, July 2.—Exod. xvi., 27-26.
Thursday, July 3.—Num. xi., 1-9.
Friday., July 4.—Deut. viii., 1-10.
Saturday, July 5.—Psa. lxxviii., 12-25.
Sunday, July 6.—John vi., 24-35.

Lesson Text.

(4) Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no. (5) And it shall come to pass, that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily. (6) And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out of the land of Egypt: (7) And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord; for that he heareth your murmurings against the Lord; and what are we, that ye murmur against us? (8) And Moses said, This shall be, when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him: and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord. (9) And Moses spake unto Aaron, Say unto all the congregation of the Children of Israel, Come near before the Lord, for he hath heard your murmurings. (10) And it came to pass as Aaron spake unto the whole congregation of the children of Israel, that they looked toward the wilderness, and, behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud. (11) And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, (12) I have heard the murmurings of the Children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God. (13) And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay around about the host. (14) And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. (15) And when the children of Israel saw it they said one to another, It is manna; for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.

Suggestions.

FROM 'PELOUBET'S NOTES.'

The Israelites in God's Training School. Why they needed a Lesson in Trust.—Vs. 1-3., Our last lesson in the Old Testament, six months ago, left the Israelites at the northern end of the Gulf of Suez. They had crossed this arm of the Red Sea, at or near the present Suez. Then they proceeded southeastward towards Sinai, keeping close to the shores of the Red Sea. Three routes were possible: (1) The Philistia road, the northern road, around the Mediterranean. This they avoided, because it would lead them through the warlike tribe of Philistines. (2) The 'Way of Shur,' directly east. They rejected this, because it traversed the worst of the desert. They chose, therefore, (3) the southerly route, toward Sinai.

The Israelites had now entered their training school, where they were to receive forty years of discipline. This training transformed them from a nation of two million slaves, weakened in spirit and body by two centuries of servitude, into a people strong and self-reliant enough to conquer Canaan. The story is one that is duplicated in the life of every man and nation that is led by God from sin and weakness into power for good; we shall find it full of instruction for ourselves.

The Lesson from the Cloud. God rebukes His Murmuring People.—Vs. 9-12. A wise teacher goes over the lesson more than once, in different ways. After Moses had taught it at God's command, the Lord himself called the people together for a still more impressive lesson. The summons was proclaimed by Aaron: Come near before the Lord. That is, probably, before the cloudy pillar, God's visible manifestation of himself. The Israelites knew that God is everywhere, but he was in the cloud in a special and peculiar sense; just as we find God especially near us in our church, though he is also in our homes and schools and offices.

For he hath heard your murmurings. Would not God have sent food if the Israelites had not complained? Most assuredly; and he would have sent it at a time and in a way far better for them. God understands our needs, and loves us, and we can safely trust him to meet all our real wants,

And when the dew that lay was gone up. They must wait for this, since the dew would render the manna difficult to gather. Behold upon the face of the wilderness. Upon the ground, outside the camp. A small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. How simple and natural is this description of the miracle, and how impossible that a myth could be presented with such reticence!

What was the Manna? It was something different from their former food, and so it helped them to break away from their old life.

It was (v. 31) 'like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey.' 'The taste of it (Num. xi., 8) was as the taste of fresh oil. It was ground in mills, beaten in mortars, seethed in pots, and used to make cakes. It fell with the dew.

It was strength-giving (in Psa. lxxviii., 24, 25 it is called 'the corn of heaven, the bread of the mighty'), and it sustained the Israelites through much toil, but it did not pamper their senses.

They said one to another, What is it? 'Manna is said to owe its name to this question, "Man hu?" (What is it?)'—Professor Macalister in 'Hastings' Bible Dictionary.'

Practical. There are many things about which we may be ignorant, as the Israelites were ignorant of the manna, and yet we can accept and use them just as well. No one understands the nature of gravitation, for instance, yet we know it exists and use it constantly. This principle applies to many of the most mysterious yet most helpful and necessary truths of religion, such as the atonement.

The quails showed God in nature; the manna showed God over nature, the supernatural. The quails teach us to trust that God is in the ordinary course of events; the manna teaches us to trust God for extraordinary interpositions of providence whenever necessary.

Christ, the Heavenly Manna. The manna was a type. Paul called it (I. Cor. x., 3) 'spiritual meat,' and Christ himself (John vi., 32) said, 'It was not Moses that gave you the bread out of heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread out of heaven.' This true bread was Christ himself. Christ is compared to manna because:—

1. He is from heaven. The eternal life he brings could not come from worldly sources.

2. He meets the needs of all, feeds the child and the strong man alike, the unlearned and the wise.

3. He is free. We have only to reach out and receive from him eternal life.

4. He fulfils all desires,—the hunger for God, for purity, for heaven, for safety, for joy; he is a perfectly satisfying food for the soul.

5. He is quiet in his coming, like the manna. Christ comes not 'with observation.'

6. He is to be found early, as the manna was gathered before the sun grew hot. There are eleventh-hour Christians, but the only safe way is to 'remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

7. He is mysterious. They did not understand the manna, yet they ate it. Don't wait to understand Christ before you will receive him.

8. He is near. 'Both the manna and Christ are at every man's tent door.'—'Pulpit Commentary.'

9. He is for every day. 'No man can live on a past religious experience.' We are constantly to 'feed on Christ,' by praying to him, by reading about him, by talking about him, and joining in his work in the world.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 6.—Topic—The Father's care. Matt. vi., 25-34; Ps. ciii., 13, 14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHAT IS A PATRIOT?

Mon., June 30.—Love your country. Isa. lxvi., 10.

Tues., July 1.—Remember your country. Ps. cxxxvii., 5, 6.

Wednesday, July 2.—Pray for your country. Ps. cxxii., 6.

Thursday, July 3.—Defend your country. Neh. iv., 14.

Friday, July 4.—Our country's glory. Isa. lxii., 1.

Saturday, July 5.—A nation's only safety. Jer. xviii., 7-10.

Sunday, July 6.—Topic—What is a patriot? Ps. xxxiii., 12.

Five Beer Drinkers.

Dr. S. H. Burgen, a practitioner for over thirty-five years, twenty-eight of which have been in Toledo, says:

'I think beer kills quicker than any other kind of liquor. My attention was first called to the insidious effects of beer drinking years ago, when I began examining for a life insurance company. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans—young business men—who seemed to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild and easily curable attacks of disease. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians I found that they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and the incidents of my practice since then have heaped up confirmation upon confirmation.

'The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes with them, and then comes, most frequently, dropsy or Bright's disease, both of which are certain to end fatally. Any physician who cares to take the time will tell you that among the dreadful results of habitual beer drinking are lockjaw and erysipelas, and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from the effects of mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded as of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers, etc., seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity.

The London County Council's Work for Temperance.

It is pretty widely known that the London County Council (Eng.) has extinguished all licenses in properties it has acquired to carry out street improvements. These licenses are ninety-four in number, and their approximate premium value is estimated at £254,000. The Council has also refused to allow drink as an article of diet to the inmates in its lunatic and imbecile asylums, and has given money to the officials in lieu of beer. It has made provision for the holding of inquests in other places than public-houses. It has abolished promenades in music-halls, and prohibited the sale of drink in the auditoriums. It has provided free dressing-rooms in the public parks, where

those playing at football, cricket, etc., can change their garments, and in this way it has struck a blow at the public-houses. It refuses to permit the sale of drink in the parks and open spaces, providing refreshments of the best quality at the cheapest rates. Lastly, it provides tea and coffee to its firemen at fires. When one knows all this, he cannot wonder that the 'Trade' hates the Council.—'League Journal.'

They Sacrifice Unto Their Nets.

The methods of catching mackerel have greatly changed in recent years. Once it was the hand-line,' catching one at a time; to-day it is the mighty seine net, 800 or 1,000 feet long and perhaps 150 feet deep, sweeping hundreds and thousands of fish in at once.

The methods of catching men have likewise changed in the history of the saloon. Once it was one drink at a time and each man for himself. Then 'treating' began to be in vogue, and two or three men lined up at the bar at once. Then high license gave to certain dealers a monopoly of destruction, and the modern saloon arrived, a mighty seine net.—Rev. Frank L. Wilkins, D.D., in 'The Christion Endeavor World.'

Knotty Mathematics.

Commenting on the statements of a minister who would solve the liquor problem by making the saloon pay in taxes all they cost the community, and no more, the editor of the 'Defender' remarks: 'That minister has a job on his hands. His first business is to find some divine mathematician who can compute the value of a human life in dollars and cents. The only way in which the saloon can pay its way is by getting out of the way forever.'—'Temperance Advocate.'

He Did Not Like His Copy.

In a certan 'Ragged School' a teacher wrote in a boy's copy book this strange copy: 'Beer is very good.' It happened that the boy was a member of a Band of Hope, and it was against his principles to write down what he believed to be a false idea. He resolutely took the book, went to the teacher, and said:—'Teacher, do you know what kind of a copy you have put in my book?'

'What have I written?' asked the teacher.

'You say, "Beer is very good."'

'Well isn't it? Many people drink it.'

'I know they do, but it is a bad drink. It is not good, and I can't write it.'

It ended by the boy going back to his desk and writing in his copy book, 'Beer is not good, nor is gin; both are poisonous.'—'League Journal.'

Mind Your Own Business.

The rum power would have people 'hold their tongues,' and occasionally a Christian 'at ease in Zion' agrees. A father, as I happen to know, taught seven sons and a daughter to 'let the saloon alone and it would let them alone.' The boys became Christian men, three of them ministers. But the daughter, 'the flower of the family,' married a drunkard. It was for her the old story—unhappiness, shame, a broken heart, and an early death-bed, with this parting reproach, 'Father, you taught us to let the saloon alone and it would let us alone, but it has killed me.' Oh, false and selfish teaching what a reproof!—Rev. James T. Black, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor world.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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Correspondence

St. Stephen, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Grandma made me a present of the 'Northern Messenger' for a year, and I think it is a very nice paper, especially the corespondence. I am ten years old. I go to day-school, and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Boyd. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss McWhirty. Grandma lives on a farm and my sisters and I go out to spend the vacation. My sisters' names are Edith and Alice. Alice does not go to school, but Edith does. She is in the third grade. Her teacher's name is Miss Veazey. Papa keeps a fruit and confectionery store. My Sunday-school teacher has a sewing class, which meets every two weeks. I belong to the Busy Bee's Mission Band, and the Band of Love. Rev. A. S. Morton is our minister. My pets are a brown horse we call Harry, a grey and white cat called Minnie, and a black kitten called Topsey. I like them all very much. HAZEL PEARL P.

Biggar Ridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I go to church and Sabbath-school but we have no Sabbath-school in the winter. I have four sisters and two brothers. We will milk six cows in the summer. My father keeps the post-office. My grandfather did keep it, but he died, and father took it. I go to school, and read in the Fourth Reader. My teacher's name is Mrs. Wheeler, and she stays at our home. She drives down to school in the morning. My studies are grammar, geography, history and arithmetic. I am twelve years old.

BASHA. B.

Sydenham Place, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school with my two brothers. We take a team, there is a stable at the school-house. I am reading in the second reader. Our teacher boards at our place. I like reading. I have read a lot of books. I am reading the Elsie books now. I saw a letter from Edmonton, written by Neil H. G. I have two cousins there, one went last November, and one went this spring, and my uncle and the rest of the family are going soon. He has six boys and no girls, and uncle thinks it will be a good place for his boys. I have two grandpapas and one grandma. One grandpapa lives with us, and the other one lives five miles away, but they live on the other side of the river. We live only one mile from the river. My eldest brother stops with grandpapa and goes to the model school. We make sugar. Papa has a sugar-place.. I have three brothers and one sister. My sister is three years old. I am eight years old. My birthday is October 28.

EFFIE M. A.

Trout River, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this place lately, I thought I would write. I live on a farm. In the last 'Northern Messenger' the stories I liked best were, 'The Visible Soul,' 'Little Bill's Black Monday,' and 'Phoebe and Her Father.' I liked the continued story, 'Twenty Percent,' very much. My great uncle served in the Fenian Raid, and received a medal. I have read a good many books; those I like best are: 'Ivanhoe,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr,' 'Barriers Burned Away,' 'His Sombre Rivals,' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. The lessons I like best are geography and bookkeeping. I would like to corespond with some of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' if they would kindly write first.

My address is RUBY CARR,

Trout River, Que.

Gould.

Dear Editor,—I have gone to school two years, and I am in the third reader. I have a pet dog. He is the same age as me, and his name is Watch. My sister has a hen that will eat out of her hand, and her name is Pet. I have four sisters and one brother. I am the youngest and I am eight years old. I live on a large farm, and we have a large sugar bush, but we did not make any sugar this spring. We have five horses and a lot of hens and sheep and cattle. G. R. C.

Minnedosa, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years, and we all like the stories and I like reading the correspondence very much. I am a little girl, eleven years old. My birthday is on Feb. 4. I wonder if any other little girl has her birthday on the same day as mine? I go to school every day, and I am in the fifth book. I took music lessons in the summer. I can play quite a few tunes now. I have a hen which I call 'Speckle,' and a cat for pets. My brother and I used to have a dog named Crusoe, but he ran away. We have four horses, four cows and two colts. I have two brothers but no sisters. JEAN H. B.

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and would not like to do without it. I received the 'Bagster Bible' which you sent me. I am very much pleased with it, and thank you very much for it. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on May 3. I have six brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is in Boston. I am not going to school now on account of mother breaking her arm. R. H. Y.

Stonefield, Que.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the letters. I go to Sunday-school in Grenville. I received a nice Bible as a prize for the Scripture letters. I go to school and I am in the second book, and I like to go to school very much. I have two brothers and one little sister. My birthday is on January 2, and I was nine years on my last birthday. I will close now, hoping you will find this letter good enough for the 'Messenger.' Our dear minister died last week, and we were all very sorry. E. M. O.

KIND THANKS.

Windsor, Ont.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I thank you for the nice Bible you sent me. I don't see how you can give a good Bible for so little. Your little friend, ROBERT EZELL.

Dear Sirs,—This is to acknowledge receipt of Bible given as premium for four subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger.' It is a beautiful book, large print, and I am both pleased and surprised with it. Many thanks and best wishes for your interesting and valuable papers. Wishing you much success I remain, yours truly,

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HOUSEHOLD.

Women in the Garden.

Why not? I have at least three personal acquaintances who owe much to old Dame Nature for renewed youth and new beauty of face and form gained by work in the garden. One is a lady of ample fortune, who loves her lawn, with its trees and vines and flowers as things of beauty. I doubt if the thoughts of health occurs to her, but the effect is patent to all her friends. Another is a lovely little woman who has been in ill health for years. This season, moving to a new home, where her friends and acquaintances were scarce, sheer loneliness drove her to her garden. There the needs of the growing things appealed to her and day by day her visits were repeated, until at last all her morning hours were spent among them, planting, training, weeding, thinning and digging. The result is the renewal of health and strength unknown before for years, the new happiness and greater contentment. The third is a good woman whose sorrows seemed piled mountain high through the loss by death within a few months of her husband and child, and of property as well. Trained to no work as a girl, she seemed helpless. But her little garden demanded attention, and her very losses compelled her to work with her hands. Here, too, the soothing balm of pure air, exercise and occupation worked its marvels in recovered health, contentment and a spirit of self-helpfulness.—'Vick's Magazine.'

He Knows.

'He knows it all at set of sun,
The little errands I have run,
How hard I tried and where I failed,
Where dreadful wrong and sin prevailed;
He knows the burden and the cross,
The heavy trial and the loss
That met me early on the way,
And lingered still at close of day.

'He knows it all—how tired I grew
When pressing duties that I knew
Were mine, I left in part undone,
And how I grieved at set of sun,
And could not rest till his sweet tone
Of calming love had gently shown
Me that he did not blame—he knew
That I had tried my best to do.'
—'Waif.'

Selected Recipes.

Salmon Croquettes.—One can of salmon, as much cold mashed potato as you have salmon, season with onion, salt, pepper, mix with a little cream or raw egg, form into little cakes and fry a nice brown. Nice for lunch.—'N. E. Homestead.'

Broiled Spanish Mackerel.—Clean thoroughly, split down the back and remove the backbone. Broil over a clear fire, on a well-greased wire broiler, for ten minutes, flesh side down, then turn for one minute on the skin side. Remove to a hot platter. Season with salt, pepper, and butter, or with maitre d'hotel butter, and garnish with parsley. Make the maitre d'hotel butter by creaming one tablespoonful of butter in a bowl, and adding slowly one tablespoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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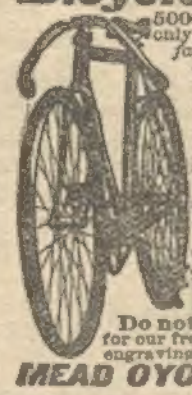

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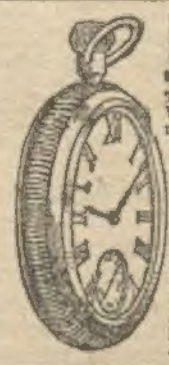

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We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling 6 packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool refreshing, healthful Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders, sell them, return the money, and receive this fine knife, postpaid. The Home Supply Co., Box 448 Toronto.

FREE

GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in solid gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, we ask the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box 429 Toronto.

FREE

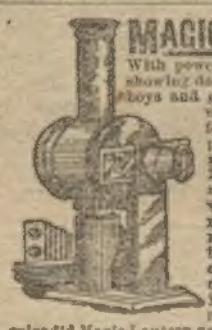
3 BEAUTIFUL OPALS that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 15 packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 409 TORONTO, ONT.

FREE

LADY'S WATCH

With silvered case, stem wind and set, decorated dial, gold hands and reliable movement, given for selling only 2 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box 481 Toronto.

MAGIC LANTERN



With powerful adjustable lenses, showing designs of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling only 1 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.

44-PIECE TEA SET

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A Regular $5.00 Set. Given for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 4136 TORONTO.

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper astonishing bargains in choice rich Remnants, all from one to three yards long and up to 3 inches wide, finest quality, Crown edge, Gros Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Dresser Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says: "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." Don't miss this chance. Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.

FREE A FINE BICYCLE FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling only 9 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal new at less than $50.00. They have seamless steel tube enamel frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, neat handle-bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.

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